To the Waſpe, the Bee, the Flie,
All's provided for, but I.

T. G.

The Primroſe.

ASke me why I ſend you here,
This firſtling of the Winter yeere,
Aske me why I ſend to you,
This Primroſe, all bepearl'd with dew;
I ſtraight will whiſper in your eares,
The ſweets of Love, are waſh'd with teares.
Aske me why this flower doth ſhow,
So yellow, greene, and ſickly too,
Aske me why the ſtalke is weake,
And bending yet it doth not breake.
I muſt tell you theſe diſcover,
What doubts and feares are in a Lover.

A Sigh.

GOe thou gentle whiſpering winde,
Beare this Sigh, and if thou finde,

Where

Where my cruell faire doth reſt,
Caſt it in her Snowy breaſt,
That inflam'd by my deſire,
It may ſet her heart on fire.
Taſte her lippe, and then confeſſe,
If *Arabia* doe poſſeſſe;
Or that hony *Hybla* Hill,
Sweets like thoſe which thence diſtill:
Thoſe ſweete kiſſes thou ſhalt gaine,
Shall reward thee for thy paine.
Boldly light upon her lippe,
There ſucke odours, and thence skippe,
To her boſome, laſtly fall
Downe and wander over all.
Range about thoſe Ivory hills,
From whoſe every part diſtills,
Amber dew theſe ſpices grow,
There pure ſtreames of *Nectar* flow:
There perfume thy ſelfe and bring,
All thoſe ſweets upon thy wing:
As thou return'ſt change by thy power,
Every weede into a flower.
Turne every Thiſtle to a Vine,
And make the Bramble Eglantine:
For ſo rich a booty made,
Doe but this and I am paide.
Thou canſt with thy powerfull blaſt,
Heate apace and coole as faſt:
Thou canſt kindle hidden flame,
And againe deſtroy the ſame;
Then for pitty either ſtirre
Vp the flames of love in her,

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